

Mine

by hallucogenic

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Summary: Hiccup's left his relationship with Dagur behind. The question is: Does Dagur know that? Jack's going to make sure he's aware who Hiccup belongs to now. Really. Dagur asked for it.

Mine

MINE.

The word reverberates in his mind, thrums in his blood and sinks into his bones. He can hear a roaring in his ears. His vision suddenly becomes red tinged with lust. Bloodlust.

That animal has the gall to touch his Hiccup's hand. HIS Hiccup. Mine. His whole being rebels against the sight of a previous lover touching his Hiccup. The picture is wrong. So wrong. Hiccup can never belong to anyone else other than him. He has to stop this before it spirals out of control.

Jack crosses the room in a couple of lengthy strides. They might be at Astrid's party but Jack will go to any lengths to protect Hiccup. Apparently, Dagur doesn't know the meaning of leave well enough alone.

Dagur's hand has now curled around Hiccup's wrist. Doesn't he know when to stop? Hiccup's had to deal with enough stress from his ex. Why does Dagur want to add assault to that list, Jack does not know.

"Dagur, whatever you have to say, I'm sure you can say it in a room full of people." His Hiccup raises a defiant chin. "I'm really not in the mood to go anywhere with you alone."

"It's not like I'm asking you to blow me, Hic." Dagur sighs irritably. It's all Jack can do to stop lunging at him. "I'm just

asking you to give me a moment of your time because I just want to smooth some things over before we part and go our separate ways."

"Now you want to smooth things over?" Hiccup gives a short, bitter laugh. "I was a serious fool. Odin knows what I saw in you. You're the most self-absorbed prick of an asshole; I've ever had the misfortune of meeting." He uncurls his palm from where it is clenched at his side and pushes it back, quietly seeking. Jack immediately weaves his fingers into the open palm. Their hands slot together perfectly. "I don't even want to know the reason why you tried to accost me at my best friend's party," he spits out the last three words, "and then tried to force me to enter an empty room with you, only so you could employ any manipulative tactic you have to make me see your warped brand of logic." He shakes his head. "I'm sorry but that's not going to happen again. Fool me once, shame on you; but fool me twice, shame on me."

Dagur has an ugly look on his face. Jack can feel a quiet hum of contentment within him. Hiccup's chosen him. Hiccup's chosen him. He has nothing to fear.

Slowly, Hiccup raises his right hand that has Jack's fingers curled enticingly around it. Then he raises his left, where Dagur still has his hand wrapped around Hiccup's wrist.

Dagur may be bigger, but Jack knows that Hiccup cuts an intimidating figure with his height. Jack stands next to Hiccup; his stance open and wide; the most blatant and primitive form of aggression, of staking a claim on one's mate. If Dagur cannot understand words, maybe he can understand action.

"I'm going to ask you very nicely now, once again, to remove your hand from my wrist." He says icily. "And if you still don't understand what I'm saying, I would be glad to provide you with a demonstration." Hiccup stills then, waiting for Dagur to make a move.

Jack understands that even the most stupid of God's creatures have some sense of self-preservation. Dagur slowly releases Hiccup's hand, the ugly look still marring his face. The flesh is rubbed raw and is looking a painful red, but Hiccup doesn't show any signs of discomfort as he takes his hand back. Jack's teeth are bared in a silent snarl and Dagur's face darkens. He quickly turns and leaves.

The two of them are standing motionless for a few moments before Hiccup turns to Jack and buries his head into his chest. He snakes his arms around Jack's waist and loosely clasps his hands behind Jack's back. He sighs into the fabric of Jack's shirt.

"Thank you for coming. I don't think I would have been able to keep my composure for long."

Jack pets the back of Hiccup's head. He absolutely loves the downy softness that feathers around his fingers. "You never have to thank me. Ever. You are mine now, and nothing is going to change that fact any time soon." He tips Hiccup's face upwards and places a sweet, chaste kiss on those thin, well-bitten lips. "I had half a mind to smash his face in, when I saw him manhandle you."

Hiccup chuckles. "Liar. It would take you a lot less for you to smash his face in." He kisses the tip of Jack's nose. "Maybe something like just looking at me in the wrong way, or some other weird ass thing that only you seem to pick up on." He slowly rubs Jack's biceps through his shirt. "Not that I mind or anything," He murmurs slowly, "sometimes knowing that you get so possessive seriously gets me hot." His warm breath fans over Jack's neck.

Jack is wrecked. God, why is it only Hiccup who manages to rouse these emotions and reactions from him? He has a hard enough time trying to keep his libido under control most of the time and then Hiccup tries to undermine the remainder of it, as and when he sees fit.

The lust is growing in his blood. God, he's afraid that if he stands here one more minute, in the crowded living room, where all of their friends are present, trying to celebrate Astrid's birthday, appropriately, he might just have a nervous breakdown and drill Hiccup into the nearest wall. Instead, he grips Hiccup's right hand tightly and pulls him towards the staircase, blindly intent on reaching one of the empty bedrooms so that he can relieve himself of the addiction that is Hiccup.

Hiccup follows, quiet as a mouse, but Jack's not fooled. He knows Hiccup is just waiting for the opportune moment to strike. Jack knows firsthand the heat of Viking blood.

They enter the first room that's empty and Jack shuts the door. In a heartbeat, he slams Hiccup against the wall and pulls him in for a bruising kiss. Hiccup's mouth is cool to taste and Jack plunges into it savagely. Hiccup needs to know he is his. He flicks his tongue rapidly against the soft palate. Hiccup moans against the assault, his tongue trying and failing to dominate Jack's.

Jack grips a handful of lush, auburn hair and tugs back. Hiccup keens, a garbled plea falling from his lips. Jack nuzzles Hiccup's throat and noses the thickest cord of muscle. He licks a slow, hot stripe over the flesh and the bites down. Hiccup's body jumps; wracking with tremors and a high pitched whine leaves his throat. Jack feels his cock jump and throb. God, Hiccup has no idea how beautiful he is when he loses himself in the sensation that Jack wants to fill him up with until he bursts.

Jack continues to hold Hiccup down with his teeth. He can hear Hiccup babbling in Nordic. Good. Hiccup can invoke as many old Gods as he wants but nothing will save him from the fire burning within Jack. His other hand slithers down to cup Hiccup's cock.

Jack absolutely loves Hiccup's cock. It's a little shorter than his own but thicker, with the head curving beautifully like a swan's neck. Jack has forgotten the number of times he has been impaled on that cock, writhing in ecstasy with variants of Hiccup's name falling from his lips. If people think Jack is bad, it's only because they see his possessive nature in public; nobody has any idea the way Hiccup makes him scream if he feels that Jack is being deliberately provocative and shameless. When Hiccup is in charge, their bedroom becomes a cloying furnace of lust; with Hiccup stripping away every last iota of sanity and self-preservation that Jack has left, only to leave him an incoherent mess of lust-singed nerves.

Hiccup's cock jumps as Jack's hand encloses it. It starts to throb like a heartbeat and Jack moans. He quickly makes his way down Hiccup's body and unzips his fly. Patience is for later. He needs that cock now.

At the first swallow, Hiccup screams and bucks violently into his mouth. Jack's forearm against Hiccup's hips is the only thing preventing his jaw from taking a hit. He opens his mouth wider and swallows him to the root, reveling in the taste and smell of Hiccup's cock, laving the thick vein underneath the steel flesh with hot strokes of his tongue. Hiccup's head thrashes from side to side. Jack knows how much he loves getting his cock swallowed.

He gently fondles Hiccup's balls with the other hand. He rolls the soft wrinkly flesh under his fingertips, feeling the sacs tighten against his teasing. The nail of his pinky finger constantly scrapes up and down the perineum and Jack can feel the shudders start from the base of Hiccup's spine.

He covers his teeth with his lips and pulls slowly, providing suction simultaneously. He feels Hiccup's cock pulse once, twice and then suddenly Hiccup cries out. His mouth is being filled with Hiccup's cum. Warm, thick spurts that are sliding down his throat. Jack hears himself moan and that triggers another wave of pulses from Hiccup's dick.

Once Jack is sure Hiccup's cock has no more cum to give, he mouths the head of the now softened cock and Hiccup weakly twitches and tries to bat his mouth away. Jack hides a grin and tucks Hiccup back into his pants and stands up.

Hiccup looks a debauched mess. His eyes are wide and dark, only a sliver of brown visible. His hair looks thoroughly mussed, as though a whirlwind has passed through it. His lips are pink and swollen, where he has stopped himself from screaming too loudly by biting them. His skin is flushed and the bruise on his neck where Jack bit him is mottled with purple and red. All in all, he looks marked. Possessed. Mine.

"You sure know how to stake your claim." Hiccup lets out a shaky breath and a dazed smile. "But are you okay?" He points to Jack's crotch where his cock is standing proud at attention, waiting for Hiccup to worship it.

"I'll be fine." Jack says. He wants to leave this party as soon as possible, so that Hiccup can shower some TLC on his poor, constricted cock. But there's still one thing to be done. "We're leaving." He tells Hiccup.

Hiccup makes a move to the bathroom but Jack stops him. "No, I want you to walk down like this and let everybody know that you are mine." At Hiccup's incredulous stare, he continues, "I'm so sick and tired of people not respecting your boundaries when you say that you're happy in a relationship. If they can't get the hint, I'll make them get it."

Hiccup is quiet for a moment, before he speaks. "You really love me, don't you?"

Jack replies without hesitation. "From the time I laid eyes on you, I loved you."

Then Hiccup looks at him, his gaze slightly shimmery and glassy. "I should have known that you would be the one for me. Instead I wasted time with people like Dagur and Alvin only because I thought you were a smarmy bastard who hated me."

"I may have been a smarmy bastard," says Jack affectionately, pulling Hiccup close to him. "But I'm your smarmy bastard."

Hiccup snuffles and then reaches for the door handle. "Come on, big boy. You got a claim to publicly stake and an ass to skewer." Jack's cock hardens even further at both thoughts.

~oOo~

Astrid's regaling Elsa with stories about her childhood, when she suddenly hears her name being bellowed across the room. She turns to find a heavily panting Jack and a thoroughly depraved looking Hiccup standing at the bottom of the stairs. She raises her eyebrow and waits for an explanation. It comes quite quickly.

"We just wanted to wish you a happy birthday once again." Jack explains, a possessive fingers stroking a motherfucker of a bruise on Hiccup's neck.

Astrid thinks she can see teeth marks. Hiccup's got his bedroom eyes on and Astrid can't wait for the bullshit excuse she knows is coming.

"Hiccup's temperature spiked so we're going home." Jack smiles like the cat that ate the canary and the cream. "He needs his injection to make him feel better."

Astrid's eyes widen. She's heard quite a few double entendre's but this one really takes the cake. She holds her hand up to her mouth to muffle her laughter. Beside her, Elsa's tinkling tone chimes through the air.

"Alright," Astrid chokes out, "Remember to administer the injection well. First, thrust deep and then push the plunger."

"Believe me, Astrid." Jack's eyes glitter. "I intend to take your advice. Very seriously."

He turns to Dagur, who looks at the two of them with a stricken expression. "It was lovely meeting you again, Dagur." Jack says lowly, rubbing over the hickey on Jack's neck. "Although I must warn you that the next time you touch Hiccup, you won't have fingers left." Astrid tries to muffle her laugh at the expression on Dagur's face but it unsuccessfully comes out in a snort. "If you can't understand the concept of 'Hands Off', I'd be more than happy to show you." Astrid's laughing out loud now. God, talk about just desserts.

"We'll be seeing you, Astrid." Hiccup and him wave goodbye and walk out the door.

Astrid loves her parties.

The drama never ends.

The End

End
file.